Church Matters.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."—The Pastor of the Baptist Church will preach on this theme to-morrow evening.

THE STATE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.—A series of sermons on the above subject will be commenced to-morrow evening in the Westminster Church.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION has been organized in the Catholic Church.

THE PARK M. E. CHURCH, which has been prospering under the care of the Rev. Mr. Lowrie, has decided to commence operations upon an addition to their present attractive house of worship. Several handsome contributions of bricks and lumber have been made, and the building, which will contain much needed class-rooms and accommodations for the Sunday-school, will be at once begun. It will occupy the open space between the church and the parsonage, fronting upon Park Street.

THE UNION S. S. TEACHERS' NORMAL CLASS, under the leadership of Rev. Wm. H. Brodhead, met last evening in the new S. S. room of the First Presbyterian Church.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY of First Baptist Sunday-school of Bloomfield will be celebrated on Sabbath evening, May 20th.

AT CEDAR GROVE religious services are held each Sabbath afternoon, the pastors of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed, and Methodist churches in that vicinity preaching in rotation. A well organized Sabbath-school is carried on under the charge of Mr. Charles Oughletree.

Rev. Thos. P. Day, of Brookdale, will conduct service at the above place, to-morrow *evening*. This meeting will be in addition to the service in the afternoon, and is an indication of a growing spiritual interest.

THE REV. N. E. CORNWALL, of New York, will preach at St. Paul's P. E. Church, East Orange, on Sunday next, May 13th, both morning and evening. It being Whitsunday, sermons appropriate to the occasion will be delivered, and the Sacrament of the Holy Communion will be administered at the morning service. The Rector, Rev. D. I. Edwards, expects to take part at the morning service.

INFANT BAPTISM.—The Pastor of the Baptist Church will preach a sermon next Sunday morning on Christian Baptism, in which he announces that he will show that the statement that "for the first eleven centuries of the Christian era, the practice of infant baptism was universal among the Christian churches," is contradicted by foremost church historians even among "pædo-baptists," and that infant baptism had no place in the Apostolic churches.

Sunday-school Workers Take Notice.

The First Annual Convention of the N. J. State S. S. Association for the Third District, comprising Hudson, Essex, Union, and Middlesex Counties, will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Newark, on Wednesday, May 16th. Sessions, afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock. A very interesting programme has been arranged for the occasion. Collation will be served during the interim of the sessions. All friends of the Sunday-school cause are urged to be present.

The Seminary Commencement.

As the German Theological Seminary graduates but two students this year, it has been thought that interest would be given to the exercises by an address from some prominent clergyman. The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. of Brooklyn, has therefore been invited, and has consented to speak at the coming commencement, which falls upon Wednesday, the 13th of June. Dr. Cuyler's high reputation ensures to these exercises a very decided attractiveness.

Christ Church, Liberty Street.

The chancel of this church has been much improved by the addition of an eagle lectern and a reredos. The lectern, which is beautifully carved, and a real work of art, is from the establishment of J. & R. Lamb, New York, and is a fitting memorial of the first rector of the parish, the Rev. Henry Marsh, who came to Bloomfield in 1858, and faithfully served the church until his death, in November, 1863. The reredos, which is of black-walnut and after plans by John F. Miller, of New York, is an appropriate memorial of the late Mrs. Anna Garner Watson, of New York, who died in 1878. She made liberal gifts to the parish during life, remembered it in her will, and her memory is affectionately cherished for "good deeds done to the House of God and the offices thereof."

The Bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Starkey, will make his annual visitation of this church on the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, June 24th, in the morning.

Fifteenth Anniversary of Rev. Mr. Enslin's Pastorate.

Last Sunday the German Church people celebrated with their beloved pastor, the Rev. John M. Enslin, the fifteenth anniversary of his installation as pastor of the church. At both services, as well as at the meeting of the Sunday-school, the church was crowded by young and old to hear words of admonition by the pastor. Good singing, appropriate to the occasion, by the choir made the services the more interesting. For Monday evening, the Ladies' Aid Society of the church had invited pastor and people to partake of a sumptuous repast in honor of Mr. Enslin. An apple could not have been dropped from the ceiling of the basement lecture-room without falling on somebody's head, so crowded was the place. Several hours were spent in the most pleasant manner. Every one appeared to be full of mirth and merrymaking. Dr. Seibert, who was present, made a most successful speech; the hearts of all were joyful. Rev. Mr. Rudolph, of Elizabeth, and several others, followed him in a likewise happy strain. The proceedings were interspersed with declamations, and with music by the choir and by a male quartette from the Seminary and last, but not least, by the good things of the kitchen, furnished by the ladies.

The German Church has been, under its present pastor, very successful in extending its good influence, directly or indirectly, to almost all the German-American families of Bloomfield and the immediate neighborhood, and its influence is still increasing. The Young Ladies' Aid Society of the Church, numbering upwards of 40 members, is constantly doing an admirable work by visiting the poor, and doing other deeds of charity. The objects of the Young Men's Union of the Church, numbering thirty members, are equally good, and the Society will no doubt, in time, be a power for good in the community. The Sunday-school numbers over 200 scholars, and a force of twenty-eight able teachers, all of whom, with the exception of four, who are studying at the Seminary, are from Mr. Enslin's own flock, and have grown up under his care. Connected with the church is also a Mission School in Montclair, with seventy-five scholars. Singing-school, together with Bible lessons for the benefit of the younger children of the Sunday-school, is held every Tuesday afternoon between 4:30 and 6 o'clock. The regular prayer meeting is held on Tuesday evening. The elders of the church, who are faithfully assisting the pastor in all his efforts, are: Messrs. John Bickler, Jacob Fornoff, John G. Keyler, and Jacob Geckle. The present Board of Trustees of the German Church consists of Messrs. Conrad Bohr, Henry Menser, Adam Roneig, Wm. Klusmann, and Joseph Koch. The relation between the pastor and the people is now, as it has always been within the past fifteen years, most cordial. We say not too much when we express it as our wish and prayer, as well as that of our whole community, that this relation between Rev. Mr. Enslin and his people may not be severed, and the good work may go on under his guidance for many, many years to come!

First Presbyterian Church.

The pulpit of this church was filled on Sabbath morning by the Rev. Mr. Brodhead, of Woodside, who had exchanged with Mr. Ballantine.

Mr. Brodhead is already well known to that portion of the congregation which is actively engaged in the Sunday-school work, but he has not before this occasion occupied this pulpit.

The text selected was the question Jesus put to His disciples: "What think ye of Christ?"—a question which men have been asking themselves, and each other, during all the ages since that time.

The speaker, after a brief tribute to Christ's character, proceeded to show what opinion the enemies of Christ have held, and then referred to the expectations as to His character which the prophets disclosed. Then he showed the loyal and hearty recognition which the early Church accorded Him, and finally Christ's own estimation of His work and character, as proved by His life and teachings.

The dignity with which He asserts His divinity, and the cruel injustice of those who would rob Him of this divinity, because He assumed our humanity, were shown, as was also the importance to every individual that he should promply and faithfully answer for himself this question, which Jesus still asks of all of us to-day, "What think ye of Christ?"

A Relic of the Last Century.

The Bloomfield Bible has reappeared. It has been safely kept wrapped in papers, and is almost as clean as new.

This is the Bible presented to the old church by Mrs. General Bloomfield after the town was named for her husband. The name "Bloomfield" was taken by the town in 1796, as the marble tablet over the church door indicates. The next year, 1797, General Bloomfield—afterwards Governor of the State for some ten years—visited the place, escorted from Orange by a troop of cavalry. He was received with every circumstance of hospitality and dignity by the citizens. One circumstance was a body of white-robed young lady singers. General Bloomfield made a contribution to the projected church, and Mrs. Bloomfield gave a pulpit Bible. As the church was not ready for occupation, the Bible was placed in the hands of Miss Phebe Pierson, the "head singer."

There is material enough in the incidents of the time for the plot of a romance. The stories of the Deacon and his time, of the services of the other deacon's son in procuring the elegant dress of a New York dame for pulpit upholstery, of the banquet on the top of the church walls, of the early sermon reading and preaching of Deacon-Captain-Esquire Isaac Dodd's son, of the marriage of this son, Stephen, to the "head singer," Phebe, and of their happy life forever afterwards, well mixed with Hopkinsianism, patriotism, and education, would make a tale equal to that of many a fiction.

The Bible passed out of pulpit service, we are told, on the occasion of repairs or changes in the church. It came into the hands, first, probably, of Israel Crane, and then of his daughter, Miss Mary Crane, by whom it has been safely preserved throughout her life. On her decease it now returns to the custody of the church.

The edition was printed in Trenton in 1791, and contains the Apochrypha, a Concordance, an Index, and Practical Observations. "Jh. Bloomfield" and "Mary Bloomfield" are stamped on the title pages of the two testaments.

THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

II.

As to a Certain Spring Poem.

The Dreamer, dreaming in his dreamery, has happened upon a "poem." It is in a respectable newspaper, and it is, possibly, by a respectable "poet." It certainly was composed in Indiana, and has been, with equal certainty, published in Massachusetts. Ought it not, then, to have the flavor of the untrammeled West, together with the culture of the æsthetic East? The Dreamer thought so, and therefore his vision soared from Indianapolis to Boston, and he lay back in his reclining chair with a glow of delight.

Alas, for human hopes! Gone they are, "like the tenants that quit without warning down the back entry of Time." They are now things of the past, and the deceived Dreamer can bare his wounded spirit to the gaze of an unsympathizing world.

The poet begins by mentioning that south winds have commenced to cry "from Summer's cradle." If this be true of the Indiana weather, it is not true of the April climate of New Jersey. The south winds should be spanked and have a little soothing syrup administered afterwards. Furthermore, these south winds are "dappling" the "lilac-lighted sky" with "ghosts of Jason's fabled fleece." It is plain then that they have tipped over the cradle—are they twins, or triplets, or quadruplets, or how many of them are there, anyhow?—and they now appear to be scattered across the heavenly floor. (In parenthesis: this may account for the Milky Way.)

Unabashed, the poet proceeds:

"The peony blushes from the dark-brown mould."

It always used to be called the "piney," and evidently the poet hasn't forgotten this dissyllabic fact in his rhythm. And the "dark-brown mould" must be uncommonly dark-brown—very like old stove-pipe cleanings wetted down. But that is neither here nor there; let him etheralize it all he can. And he does it, mark you, for he declares that their

"Bursting spills a wealth of flowery blood."

He means, in short, that somebody has been knocking off the leaves with a stick.

Then he devotes himself to the ferns, which are ready to

"Arise from out their winter beds,
Their buds, like curls, held close in paper bonds."

Now, then, the Dreamer offers to wager any amount that this poet is not so unsophisticated as he appears. How under the sun could he know how "bangs" look in the morning, if he was not a married man? Resolve me this, O reader of riddles! particularly when he goes on to say that

"Soon the sleep-wrought tangle of their heads,"

[rhyming with "beds," two lines above]

"The sun's warm rays will comb to feathered fronds."

"Bangs, bangs!"—by all that is honeymoonish! After a while it grows monotonous to a family man, and isn't noticed so acutely, but it is all new to *him*.

This figure of early rising has so entranced our bard that he next mentions the arbutus—although they don't have arbutus in Indiana—"neath its coverlid of snow." The fact is that our ecstatic singer has overslept himself, or he would not name the "drift-like bloom" of the orchard in the same breath with that very cold bed-quilt of the arbutus. But now with a spring (and it is surely spring-time now and will be Fall hereafter with him), he is out upon the polished pine just where the dado stops and the Turkey rug does not begin. It leads him consequently to fire off his words by platoon. Consider this:

"Where the bright brook brawls o'er its bowldered bed."

For "bowldered" read "bolstered"; it don't make a particle of difference. It is sound that we are after, not sense.

Did you ever see fowls "with an air that hints of hopeful trust," gadding about the sunny side of a barn, and hear them "talk to themselves of downy unhatched chicks"? This downy unhatched Wordsworth does, if you do not. Did you ever see "ground birds" (he doesn't say if they are "coarse," "medium," or "fine," nor how long they ought to be boiled) "toil at their work"? He has, if you have not. And did you observe that the evening swallows conduct a "winged waltz where wildest revel rules"? Because this also is one of his discoveries, as is another to the effect that caterpillars are "dressed in fur," because they are afraid of the frost and do not put on their "satin summer suits"—with another alliteration—so early as April.

To this remarkable pre-Raphaelite, who hails from the Western prairie—really, the Dreamer, himself, begins to be demoralized by him—all nature wears a pictorial garb. It is as graceful as the costume of the lady who went to the fancy ball representing "News" in a dress made of some blanket-sheets, which don't contain any. Listen to some more of his modern daintiness and to the fitness of his artful similarities of sound:

"The bumblebee, that burly, boistorous tramp,
The brawling braggart of the gauze-winged throng,
Comes blundering from his last year's mouse-nest camp,
Humming his lazy lazzaroni song."

But unfortunately the Dreamer cannot be misled on the subject of bumblebees. There is no excitement in life equal to that when you are seated exactly in front of a nest and are trying with rhythmic paddle to smite them, one after another, as they come out. You will not call them "lazy lazzaroni" then—take his word for it! And if the production exceeds the demand by even so little as one bumblebee, panic is imminent and you are on the verge of ruin. No, no, Master Poet; you must stop your brush and frame your picture—for at this present New Jersey will not tolerate you, though Indiana produce you and Massachusetts be your sponsor. It is true that you do indeed, in your closing stanza, see this picture "framed in the gleaming gold of sunlight's sheen," but we suspect it is Dutch metal for all that, and all that, and twice as much as all that. "Etchings," you call 'em, do you? Well, we have put the *aquafortis* on ourselves and have given you enough of an "exposure" to let it "bite in."

Now, therefore, the Dreamer, tossing his paper aside, laughs as he remembers another Boston poem which began:

"I want to go to Saratoga, ma!
Oh, let me go to Saratoga, pa!
Up to the beautiful Saratoga,
'Tis such a lovely place to go to!"

Yes, go to—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world"! But it is "poets" (save the mark!) like these, who are now muddying Pactolus and giving Pegasus the string-halt by trotting him from Indianapolis to Boston in April weather. And here, in point of fact, is the "poem" itself:

ETCHINGS.

From Summer's cradle courier south winds cry
That they will win from Winter's bonds release,
And with warm breath the lilac-lighted sky
Dappled with ghosts of Jason's fabled fleece.

The peony pushes from the dark-brown mould,
So rich with life that blushes e'en the bud
Through outer leaves that its red heart enfold,
Whose bursting spills a wealth of flowery blood.

The ferns arise from out their winter beds,
Their buds like curls held close in paper bonds;
But soon the sleep-wrought tangle of their heads
The sun's warm rays will comb to feathered fronds.

Than when from 'neath its coverlid of snow
The arbutus first felt the sunlight's flush,
The orchard trees, with drift-like bloom aglow,
Have caught from warmer skies a deeper blush.

Where the bright brook brawls o'er its bowldered bed
May swaying, slender osier wands be seen,
Touched with the tints of summer's richest red,
Blent with the hue of spring-time's tender green.

The farmyard fowls lie lounging in the dust,
Upon the sunny sides of barns or ricks;
Or, with an air that hints of hopeful trust,
Talk to themselves of downy, unhatched chicks.

The robins seek with cunning, wary look
For downy tufts or slender spears of hay,
And, oft alighting, fly toward the nook
Where they have wrought their nursery walls of clay.

The ground birds, where the grass grows green and lush,
Toil at their work, weaving their lowly nest
With cautious care, their cheerful, chirping hush,
As footsteps near their chosen place of rest.

The building swallows by the marge of pools
The sun's bright rays from burnished feachers glance,
Or, in winged waltz where wildest revel rules,
Cross and recross in mad aerial dance.

Still dressed in fur, donned for the winter's wear,
The caterpillars crawl o'er sunlit ways;
Not yet their satin summer suits they dare
To trust to changeful moods of April days.

The bumblebee, that burly, boisterous tramp,
The brawling braggart of the gauze-winged throng,
Comes blundering from his last year's mouse-nest camp,
Humming his lazy, lazzaroni song.

Look where we will, wide o'er the waking land,
We see outlined a glowing Summer scene,
Drawn by the one great Master Painter's hand,
Framed in the gleaming gold of sunlight's sheen.

DEATHS.

HENN.—At Bloomfield, suddenly, May 10th, Peter Henn in the 68th year of his age. Funeral from his late residence on Sunday at 1.30 o'clock P.M.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.—A good second-hand Horse Lawn Mower. Address, giving width of knife, price, age, and name of maker, R. A. P., P. O. Box 2754, New York City.

Situation Wanted.—A young Swedish girl, sixteen years of age, wishes a place as nurse and to help in chamber work. Satisfactory Bloomfield reference. Address Mrs. J. C. PITT, Broad St.

For Sale, Cheap.—A first-class piano in good order. Inquire of Smith E. Perry, Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent, Cor. Linden Ave. and Thomas St.

To Rent.—If you want to rent a comfortable cottage house, with bath room and closet, barn, etc., pleasantly situated on Franklin Street, call and see HORACE PIERSON, at the Centre.

Bloomfield Fire Association.—NOTICE. Subscribers to the fund for purchase of apparatus for protection of life and property from fire are requested to remit the amount of their subscriptions to the Secretary, at an early date, to Post-office, Bloomfield. FRANK G. TOWER, Secretary.

For Sale.—A very desirable building site on the westerly side of Mountain Avenue, and within six minutes' walk of the depot at Upper Montclair. This plot is 200x450 feet in size, with an easy slope from rear to front. No grading required. As the street is 400 feet above tide level, the locality is healthful and scenery unsurpassed. Will sell half or the whole at a low price and on easy terms. G. S. PORTER, P. O. Box 33, Bloomfield.

Special Bargains in Real Estate.

Houses for sale in Bloomfield, N. J. Terms easy.
11 rooms, all improvements—lot 100×132 ... $4,500
10 " " " nearly 2 acres, 6,000
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Improved farms near Somerville, N. J.
56 acres, good house, barns, etc ... 3,000
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14 " " " etc., stock & implements, 2,500
Other houses and farms very cheap.
J. A. PELOUBET, 60 Liberty St., Room 15, N.Y.

To all whom it may concern.—NOTICE. The undersigned, and others, desiring to associate themselves together for the purposes of protecting life and property from fire, and to incorporate themselves under the name of "Bloomfield Fire Association," or some other name to be assumed and chosen (pursuant to the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An act for the incorporation of fire companies," approved April 21, 1876), hereby give notice of a meeting, called for that purpose, to be held at Wilde's Hall, Bloomfield, on Monday, May 21, 1883, at 8 P.M., and the members of the Association, now known as "Bloomfield Fire Association," are hereby requested to be present thereat. W. R. Weeks, A. R. Brewer, W. D. Chambers, F. G. Tower, A. J. Marsh, J. Sherman, G. S. Porter, J. H. Hardcastle, W. L. Puffer, G. T. Moore, C. D. M. Peele, J. M. Bancroft, T. McGowan.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

The subscriber, Executor of the last will and testament of the late Mary Van Riper, deceased, will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, Wednesday, May 30, 1883, the House and Lot, situated on Thomas Street, in Bloomfield, New Jersey, belonging to the late Mary Van Riper, deceased. Terms cash.

HORACE DODD, Executor.

Bloomfield, New Jersey, May 10, 1883.

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Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Mrs. McGLYNN,
DEALER IN
Hazelton and Lattimer Best Quality
LEHIGH COAL.
Yard: North Side of Fremont St., at Canal.
Orders may be left at Mr. Kent's residence adjoining the yard, or at my residence in Park Street.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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AMZI DODD, - - President.

ASSETS (Market Values)	$36,955,620 00
LIABILITIES (4 per cent. Reserve)	33,453,714 44
SURPLUS (Massachusetts Standard)	2,901,905 56
SURPLUS (New York Standard)	5,113,315 56

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